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# Providence Independent, V. 12, Thursday, August 26, 1886, [Whole Number: 584]

Providence Independent

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## Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

### Matter, Force and Consequent Motion.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

In our enquiry into the cause of electrical phenomena we must bear in mind that in the ordinary molecular constitution of matter, force that acts upon its particles may change from attractive to repulsive, and again from repulsive to attractive, according as the distance between the particles is made to vary. We know that when particles of matter in bodies are separated beyond a certain distance, varying according to the nature (molecular arrangement) of the matter, there is no manifestation of attractive force, no power of aggregation. But if the force that separates them, and keeps the body in a state of equilibrium is diminished in power, or some external force intervenes to drive them together, the power of aggregation (attraction) takes the place of what is lost in repulsive force, the state of equilibrium is destroyed and the phenomenon of two forms of force moving in opposite directions and acting upon the particles of matter is the result. While aggregation is taking place, there is friction among the particles and arrested force and motion and repulsive force is manifest in the phenomenon of heat while action and reaction is taking place. If we take a number of ivory balls, suspend them by strings, raise the outside one at one of the ends of the series, and let it drop, striking the adjoining one, it comes in contact with the whole force of gravity acting upon it, except what is expended by friction, and the resistance of the air through which it passes. But we witness no phenomenon of force and motion after it strikes the second ball, and before the impulse reaches the ball at the other extremity, which bounds off in the opposite direction. Action and reaction being equal, the intervening balls are kept in a state of equilibrium, and no phenomenon is manifest among them. But if in experimenting we apply the end of a finger to the last ball of the series and arrest the force and motion, the phenomenon of vibratory motion will be manifest through the nerves of sensation. Again, if we employ but one of these balls, omitting the others, raise it in the proper direction and then commit it to the law of force, it will vibrate as a pendulum. Here we also witness the phenomenon of matter in motion, from force acting and reacting upon matter, and from the time the ball is operated upon by an acting force, the whole tendency is to seek an equilibrium, and when that is attained the ball is at rest, and the resulting phenomenon at an end. The force reacting in the form of friction, and arrested force in passing through the air, has overcome the excess of the acting force in the form of gravity. To illustrate further the principle of action and reaction, and the establishment of an equilibrium, we present as an example children playing see-saw. As long as there is not a state of equilibrium, we have the evidence of force from the phenomenon of matter in motion. But if the two individuals interested in the sport assume certain positions on the rail, and exert no muscular force, all evidence of force is apparently at an end, and the phenomenon of the see-saw motion in the matter concerned is at an end. The two sides of the rail with their occupants being acted upon in an equal degree by force in the same form and direction (gravity), the equipoise would remain forever; provided, no other form of force intervenes acting in the opposite direction to that of gravity, or there be no relative change of position of the occupants, or the sides of the rail they occupy. As long as two forms of force continue to act in directions contrary one to the other the see-saw motion continues. Here we have force in the form of gravity acting in one direction, and force in the form of muscular energy in the opposite direction. When the supply of muscular energy ceases, this motion stops. When the equilibrium is disturbed in the electric, force is made to assume two forms acting in opposite directions, the body rubbed always possess the one, and the rubber the other form. If these two forms are brought within attractive influence of each other, by means of some conductor, moving in opposite directions, they unite, and the electric is brought back into a state of equilibrium.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

### The Confederate Invasion of the Free States, 1862 and '63, with the Local Incidents Attending, in Montgomery County.

BY M. AUGER.

Nearly a generation of active citizens have passed away since we were engaged in a death-grapple for national unity or rather, the maintenance of republican, as against the re-establishment of regal institutions, of some sort, in the southern part of our union; for a careful perusal of newspapers of the era 1860-64 will prove that this was the ulterior intent of the leaders South. But when the young men of the present now look abroad over our contented, homogeneous union, spread across the continent, they can hardly conceive the state of feeling, and of parties, that then confronted our statesmen.

Before attempting to describe incidents of the two invasions of free soil it will be necessary to state that the war of rebellion was fought nearly to its conclusion upon false issues. This statement will be readily understood when it is affirmed and shown, that our national politics rested upon a like foundation.

From 1840 to 1860 the two great controlling parties of the nation while keeping in the background the impending question of free versus slave institutions, built platforms of vague generalities about democratic or whig policy, thus only confusing the people, thus occupying a false position continually; accordingly the people were educated strictly in conformity with these confusing notions. Thus it came to pass that when the war broke out in 1861 the North was unprepared to accept the manifest issue that the South tendered, a contest for slave holding supremacy or empire, south and west; for the people of the free States talked of little else but the "sacred union of the fathers," &c. The future of the Negro was hardly considered or thought of except by extreme abolitionists who were not yet in the ascendant. Nearly all thinking men, however, saw that slavery, or slaveholding as against free institutions, was the very life-blood of the rebellion, yet Hunter and Butler in the South, and Fremont in the West, were prevented by the Washington government from recognizing that fact, and using the slaves as war confederates. This was solely in deference to pro-slavery feeling prevalent in both parties at the North; and the facts and incidents we propose to adduce in this paper will strikingly illustrate and abundantly prove the statement. Thus while the dominant men of the South were spurning all civil compromise and organizing war and independent government at Montgomery, our northern sympathizers of both parties were offering them through Congress a constitutional inhibition against "future disturbance of slave-holding in any southern state!" The war was about the Negro and the prospective institutions of the great west; but, as had been the custom, these were kept out of sight. As the national government and our people were not in strict unison with the real aims of the war, so likewise nearly all our commanders in the field and the mass of the rank and file in the army were in a false position also.

Was it any wonder then, that the war lagged and halted for two whole years until thinking men began to despair of the union and American civilization also?

Our Great Rebellion was eminently a war of deep-laid conspiracies; first of the crowned heads of England, France and Spain, with Maximilian as the puppet, and involving the invasion of Mexico as the beginning. And as slavery had bred distrust of democratic institutions in the extreme South, so political and race prejudice against the negro at the North had prepared thousands of our northern people to feel a desire rather to go with the government organizing at Montgomery than remain longer connected with the people of New England. Scarcely an anti-administration newspaper file of the period (1860-61) can be consulted without finding some hypothetical conjectures on this topic. These papers were full of extracts from southern papers copied without comment or protest, setting forth that when the war did break out (they always deprecated war with earnest objurgations) it would be fought out in the North and not in the South, and that then the question

would come up "whether Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York should, go with the South or New England," thus assuming a dissevered union as a result of the contest. Newspapers in the Confederacy also often gave out, that "as our Southern soldier was equal to five Yankees, the Confederates would encamp the first winter in Philadelphia or New York," and there were persons known to the writer who offered during the winter '60-61 to wager a hundred dollars that President Davis and his government would occupy Washington before the ensuing first of May. Indeed very much of the mustering war news during this period found in opposition journals of the North, were either copied from Southern journals, or from the *Day Book* and one or two other disloyal sheets of New York or Philadelphia.

But the fatal firing upon Fort Sumpter in April, not only "fired the southern heart," but the northern also, and put a new face on the whole country? And here begins the descriptive chapter sought to be recorded in this paper. Material is not at hand, and space will not warrant more than a passing glance at the war doings in neighboring counties; so what is written mainly relates to Montgomery alone.

Before describing what took place here on the sounding of the tocsin of war April 11th, 1861, it will be pertinent, as showing the animus of part of the people to state, that at a county convention of one of the parties held in a central village of the county, February 22, it was *Resolved*, "That we are unanimously opposed to the so-called doctrine of coercion, and pledge ourselves to oppose any measure that is calculated to bring the people of one section into deadly conflict with those of any other section, believing that by compromise and conciliation only, can the present national troubles be settled." About the same time, or a little earlier, a secret organization came to the surface, located in our chief northern cities, calling itself the *Knights of Washington*, or the "U. V. A." Its organ in Philadelphia was the *Palmetto Flag*, issued by M. B. Dean. From its chief utterances it was understood to be designed, to fix up a new union of the Border Free States, leaving New England "out in the cold."

Another incident in this connection is well remembered. About the time the war opened on the border the captain of one of our old volunteer troops called a meeting of the corps at some public place to consider what they should do in the emergency. And while deprecating fratricidal war, he proposed that each man of the corps should hold himself in readiness to defend the highest interest of the people and State according as emergencies should arise, evidently looking to some civil disorder in our State or locality.

The Monday succeeding the attack upon Sumpter, the 14th of April, the streets of Norristown was thronged with people, and a cry raised, "Put out your flags!" At dusk a brass band led the tumultuous multitude to the great Hall, bearing aloft an improvised gallows upon which was an effigy of Jeff Davis with a rope about his neck, which was reared up on the platform behind the chair. Burgess Schall was called to preside. To the amazement of "sympathizers with rebellion," full half the active participants in the meeting were Democrats and Americans, such as Hon. Owen Jones, B. M. Boyer, Judges Krause and Smyser, James Boyd, and many others. The four military companies of the borough at once expressed their willingness to march to the defense of the assailed government, and the meeting adjourned after ringing speeches for the "Union" and "death to traitors," after which the gallows was perched upon a tree on the main street facing residents supposed to be disloyal.

From this time the war went on with halting steps for over a year, the people punctuating their public gatherings by raising tall flag-poles and planting upon them the "stars and stripes." A few days after the opening of hostilities Col. Hartranft started for Washington with his "Fourth Regiment," and others were invited to do likewise; but although there was an old troop of cavalry and two infantry companies, the first in the east and the others in the north of the county, they had no inclination to enlist to put down the rebellion. They held the "anti-convention" doctrines put forth a year before.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

## GUDRUN.

Now lovingly caressed and anon fiercely buffeted by the waves of the Baltic, between the coasts of Pomerania and Sweden, lies the Danish island of Bornholm. It is little known to the world, and the profusion of wild roses indigenous to the place has acquired for it the sobriquet of the Isle of Roses.

The environs of the little town of Allinge, on the north-west, are specially picturesque and remarkable for the peculiar wildness of their formation. We are here, suddenly and without any prelude, confronted with a magnificent natural panorama.

Behind us stretches the vast and gloomy expanse of the plateau; before us a chaos of weird forms modeled in solid rock—and the boundless horizon. But even here the poetry of romance weaves its magic web, for the venerable ruins of Hammershus Castle look down upon us from an eminence, as if inviting the wayfarer to rest and dream awhile within its moss-grown walls.

Making Allinge my starting point I used often to visit the old castle. The road at first lies along the strand, the winding to the left commencing an ascent; after half an hour spent in scrambling among rocks the "Vale of Paradise" is attained. Through the heart of the dell encircling the castle extends a promenade whose perfection of scenery challenges imagination itself. The path on both sides is bordered with lilacs and roses in thick hedges, which grow to a sufficient height to form a species of vaulted alley, rich in fragrance, retaining its grateful shade and coolness during the prevalence of extreme heat. Birds make melody in the thicket; insects float upon the breeze with a somnolent susurrus; golden sunbeams quivering upon the verdant foliage, glide down upon the blossoms which strew the ground; giant ferns seem to wave their fans with a dreamy motion.

A few paces through this Eden brings the wanderer before the deep, placid languor of the ocean. Masses of rock cleft in rugged wildness from at once a small bay and fitting frame for so glorious a prospect.

I sought my favorite haunt one day when the fierce heat of the sun's rays was untempered by a breath of air; but the rough-hewn bench under the gnarled oak, whence the view extended to the distant sea commanding the course of passing ships, was occupied.

A girl busied with needlework was sitting there. In my first surprise I fancied that I beheld some apparition or wood nymph. It was, however, no "unreal mockery," for the figure arose to its feet when my footsteps became audible. Standing there in all her marvelous beauty, in a flood of sunbeams, she resembled some goddess of the North mythology. The garb of the country developed freely the graceful symmetry of her tall, slender figure, and lent a peculiar charm to her appearance. The most striking feature in this vision was, however, the nobly modeled head, the expressive countenance encircled by a profusion of light, wavy hair, the eyes shaded by dark lashes, blue and fathomless as the ocean, their gaze now fixed upon the intruder.

We stood silent for a moment, confronting each other in mutual surprise, for neither of us had dreamt of finding this solitude invaded by another human being. Should I pass on my way placidly, or seek to enter the conversation? I hesitated. Every form of address which first occurred to me seemed bold and inappropriate; I should have preferred to content myself with gazing at her listening to her voice. As it was necessary, however, to put an end to the situation one way or another, and vainly endeavoring to combat the ascendancy of the girl's charms, I inquired my way to the little fishing village of Vang, which I had long intended to visit.

"Ah, you speak Danish," she observed with a friendly smile, for she had at once set me down as a foreigner. And then, with all the charm of natural affability which characterizes her compatriots, she explained that the way led me across the rocky strand. I noted anew her peculiarity of the Bornholm folk; avoiding all use of the expression right or left they refer invariably to the points of the compass. She accompanied me to a point from which I could not miss my way, and wished me a pleasant walk at parting. This meeting gave me food for reflection during the rest of my ramble.

What had caused me to take so much

interest in the girl? Surely not her rare beauty alone. I pondered and pondered, and at length believed I had found a clew. I had a dim recollection of some tragic feature in her face, such as Nature bestows in many human beings, and now my mind's eye described it clearly and distinctly defined in the graceful lines of her mouth. Besides this, her eyes had a gaze full of dreamy thoughtfulness, as though the soul of their possessor dwelt in the far distance. At all events this maiden had something unusual about her.

At Vang I entered the cabin of a fisherman to partake of refreshment, as there was no inn there, and mentioned my encounter, asking, after giving a description of the girl, if anybody knew her. At once came the reply: "Of course, that was our lovely Gudrun; everybody on the island knows her. A good girl—but *klargnet* (a clairvoyante), which, however, is not unusual among our women."

"Ah!" thought I—"a clairvoyante! That accounts for the dreamy look in her eyes." And the weather-beaten sailor added:

"She has occasional her father, old Captain Tortensen, much gift already from his cause. She wanders at night to the ruins of Hammershus and talks with the spirits there. But she will be married soon. She is engaged to Gunnar, the pilot, who is due home shortly in the Russia East Indiaman, the *Nantilus*."

On my departure the old man refused my proffer of remuneration, convincing proof of the hospitality of the islanders. He accepted, however, a few cigars, thanking me heartily with a grip of the hand which I felt for some day after.

My interest in the girl increased. Did she really then possess the gift of second sight? And how did it find vent? Musing over this I set out my return.

Thinking to shorten my journey I took a by-path. When I reached the old castle night had already fallen. I found that I had lost my way, and was soon utterly at fault. I wandered about among the rocks for a good hour, and at last in the distance described a light which I made my beacon. It led me to an isolated house. I knocked with the intention of asking the way. The door was opened, and before me stood—my beautiful acquaintance of the afternoon.

This second meeting so surprised me that I was at first unable to utter a word. At last I explained my dilemma to Gudrun, who kindly invited me to enter. It was her father's house. The latter, a tall man of 50, easily recognizable as a sailor who had seen much of the world, gave me a friendly reception, set some refreshments before me, and proposed to accompany me until I should regain my road. Thus for the second time I had to ask the way of Gudrun. She referred to this herself with some graceful jest, which lent a fresh charm to her naturally thoughtful countenance.

After this our meetings were more frequent; sometimes at the house of her father, who at times accompanied me in my rambles, sometimes walking near the old castle. One day we visited the ruins in company. We clambered about over the ancient walls, Gudrun proving herself an entertaining guide. She was well acquainted with the history of the castle, which had been the ancient stronghold of Bornholm.

It was another lovely afternoon. Long films of gossamer floated in the air; the sea rose and fell with a gentle motion. We stood upon a crumbled wall of the castle absorbed in contemplation of the indescribable beauties of the scene, around us fragrant roses entwined with ivy.

Suddenly Gudrun turned to me and asked:

"Do you believe in presentiments and in revelations of the future?"

She uttered the words hurriedly, and apparently after an internal struggle.

"I might almost do so," I answered; "for I have known men who possessed the unhappy gift of foreseeing their destiny, and this was always of a mournful kind."

I had never made any mention to Gudrun of the information which had been imparted to me at Vang with reference to her peculiarity.

"Truly an unhappy gift!" she repeated. "I also possess it, and when the spirit of provision overcomes me, a veil seems to be torn from my eyes, and in the boundless future I see nothing but misfortune."

I knew not what to reply.

"Look yonder!" she cried suddenly in a sharp, strange voice, pointing in

the direction of Allinge, whilst her vision seemed strained upon some far-off point; "a stranded ship; foaming waves. He is calling—he is calling. Yes, Gunnar, I come, I come!"

And she made a movement as though she would hurry away from the spot. I held her firmly by the arm, and turning her eyes in the direction indicated saw nothing but the azure sky and the placid surface of the sea.

"A it was a vision," sobbed the girl. "I am so unhappy! Oh! I knew that I shall die soon. This is the third time I have seen it. They are calling me, the spirits of the deep. But come; evening is closing in and you must not lose your way again."

I accompanied her to the house, striving to dispel her gloomy forebodings. But she only shook her hand thoughtfully. At her door she turned. "Good-night and au-revoir," she said, looking mournfully at me; and I took my leave, strangely affected by her mood.

The day breaks dull and tempestuous. Dark clouds are scudding athwart the sky. On the sea the storm rages in uncertain gusts. The water rises up and lash themselves in fury, and long, foam-crested chains of mountain billows hurl with a mighty crash against the rock-bound coast. The island seems to tremble to its very foundation. "God protect our mariners," is the thought of every islander. My room is Mardier's, commanding a view of both sea and town. The latter is a small place built upon the strand. The streets are deserted as the rain descends in torrents.

The storm increases to a hurricane. In the harbor sea-mews fly hither and thither uttering discordant cries which are drowned in the roar of the tempest and the thunder of the waves.

So pass morning and afternoon. The hurricane still rages with unabated vehemence. The lantern is already alight in the neighboring light-house at Hammerberg. Several fishermen are busy in the harbor trying to make their boats, which are dancing about like nutshells, more secure from risk of injury.

But hark! A dull, brief report resounds above the din of the tempest and the turmoil of the waters. This is no thunder of the waves; it is cannon shot. We hear it once more, and then repeated at shorter intervals. Men congregate at the harbor's mouth, and a large telescope is procured. But no ship is yet visible; the horizon is too circumscribed. Thus have an hour passes away. All Allinge is on the alert. People united in groups to discuss the plight of the devoted vessel. I find myself attached to one of these knots. Now—it may be about 5 o'clock—something black becomes visible against the background of Hammerberg. It draws nearer and becomes plainer—we distinguish a ship.

A sudden flash quickly followed by a report gives a renewed intimation that the vessel is in distress.

But who can render any aid? The coast is precipitous, and wild, uneven crags jut out far into the ocean. The sea is so rough that no boat can live in it. The danger becomes more and more imminent. The craft, a brig already bereft of its mainmast, must strike. It is hopelessly lost.

In the excitement of the awful moment I had been unconscious as to my immediate surroundings. Suddenly, quite close to me, I heard a cry full of despair, a soul-stirring wail.

It was Gudrun, who stood wringing her hands, her fallen tresses a prey to the blast. "The *Nautilus*—Gunnar!" she cried in her anguish. "Save him—my love."

The doomed ship was none other than that which bore herethrothed homeward. Men ran to and fro with confused cries, but no one ventured to the rescue. "It would only be tempting Providence," declared a venerable sailor; and he added, uncovering his head in all reverences: "The Lord of heaven and earth deliver them." All the bystanders followed his example and united in the prayer.

Gudrun rushed from group to group, imploring, supplicating, wringing her hands, but nobody ventured to court certain death.

Suddenly Captain Tortensen, her father, appeared upon the scene wearing a "sou'wester" and long sea boots. "Who will come with me?" he asked in a clear, resonant voice. He met with no response. Some attempted to persuade him from his enterprise, even resorted to force. The most experienced sailors regarded it as madness to attempt to navigate in such a sea.

Then I shall try it alone," he declared, hurrying toward his boat. Two young men followed him, at first doubtfully; then, adjured by Gudrun, determined to join him in the desperate venture.

A rush was made for the landing where the boats were lying. Tostensen could scarce stand upright in his boat, but for all that he cast off the painter. And now, just as the men were in the act of pushing off, Gudrun leaped into the boat. A cry of terror rose from a hundred throats. Many women were weeping. The boat heeled over and the oarsmen were evidently striving to put back with Gudrun. A receding wave, however, carried the boat rapidly out of the harbor.

The crowd stood breathless; not a word was spoken. All eyes were centred on the boat, which appeared on the lofty summit of a wave only to disappear next moment in the trough of the sea. Gudrun's fair looks were floating in the wind like a cloud fleck. The minute guns had long ceased to echo from the brig.

Darkness set in, and they had not returned. Nothing further was seen of the ship. Night fell. The storm raged on, the waves still battled fiercely, and out yonder those who were meeting their doom drew their last breath unheard. Unheard? No. There is one who listens and hears.

The people of Allinge passed a sleepless night. As for me, I pondered over Gudrun's words of the previous day: "Do you hear? Oh, I know I shall die soon!"

Once more the day dawned, but the morning was bright and sunny. The storm had subsided. Men were searching the shore. All that remained of the brig was a shattered wreck wedged in between the rocks. Here and there a body was lying drowned on the beach. Gudrun's father lay amongst these dead. And about a mile west of Allinge, on a projecting rock, two lifeless forms were reclining locked in each other's arms—a maiden of passing loveliness and a stalwart, handsome youth. They were Gudrun, the clairvoyante, and Gunnar, the Hero and Leader of Bornholm.—*The Argosy*.

### "Nobody Knows."

"I don't know," is a frank answer and often the correct one, as the following anecdote illustrated:

The late Prof. Sophocles, of Harvard University, a native Greek, was a man of great learning, and a voluminous author. He was a man of whom scholars heard and read more and knew less than of any other distinguished person in the whole country.

He lived alone, cooked his own meals, and got up many queer dishes. He was something of a wit, and knew how to wake up students, though he was not a thoroughly successful teacher in the school-room.

It is said that in a class room he asked a student what was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon.

"They were buried, sir."

"Next."

"Why, they—they—were burned."

"I—I—don't know."

"Right! Nobody knows," answered the professor.

### Hot Tom and Jerry.

There were few signs of the holiday season in the Lyceum, except the "Hot Tom and Jerry" pinned up over the door to the "inner of inners." But the two worthies were there in the evening as usual. Si Slipshod glanced around the room to see who was there, and then spoke up.

"Rube Ratisons, you remember that 'ere \$5 you borrowed 'o me some time ago."

"Never sh' I forget it, Si."

"I am glad o' that. When do you expect to return that 'ere favor?"

"Some day when you're in Washin'-ton strapped, ez I wuz."

"I never shall go there. I don't need to. I've just got my appointment as inspector of rectified spirits."

"What are them, Si?"

"Come in, an' I'll introduce yer," and they slid beneath the "Hot Tom Jerry" sign and staid there quite a spell.

A lady friend once put a conundrum to her rheumatic old nurse, asking her, "Why are you like a church window, Sallie?" and gave the answer. "Because you are so full of pains. 'Whereupon the old colored woman pityingly replied, 'Oh, dear, somebody's been a foolin' of ye, honey. Dem's aundder-sort o' panes. Dey's been foolin' ye, chile."



Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.  
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.  
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.  
Thursday, August 26, 1886.

A DISPATCH from Washington, Tuesday, says: "It is probable that another call for \$15,000,000 three per cent. bonds will be made during the second week of September."

Quite a number of sanguine Republicans felt quite sure that their coming candidates will have a walk-over in this county in November. Perhaps they will. Possibly they won't.

MAYOR SMITH, of Philadelphia, is hoeing a hard row amid thorns and thistles. He paid into the treasury the amount received for pawnbrokers' licenses, but had to borrow the money to do so.

The Prohibition State Convention was held at Harrisburg yesterday. The result of its deliberations is not known at this writing. The assemblage was the largest of its kind ever held in the State.

The naval architects of England are engaged in a very lively discussion as to the sort of ship which is destined to beat the fastest steamers now running between that country and the United States. They had better be engaged in a plan to shorten the route.

The State ticket nominated at Harrisburg last week by the Democracy furnishes additional evidence of the power wielded by Randall within the lines of his party. The candidates named are generally regarded as capable men. The head of the ticket, Chauncey F. Black, is about as strong a nomination as could have been made.

A SAD story of destitution and want comes from Stephens county, Texas. No rain has visited that place for fourteen months, the crops have failed, and the cattle are perishing. Fully one third of the population have abandoned their homes, and many more would leave but cannot for want of means. Ten other counties in Texas are suffering from the same causes.

A. K. CUTTING has been released and the Mexican wrangle is about over. It is evident that the Mexican Government concluded that Cutting was not worth punishing or fighting about, especially the latter in view of the fighting qualities of Uncle Sam. The Texans may now turn in and fight each other as they have lost an opportunity to wipe out the greasers.

The supremacy of law has been signally demonstrated by the verdict of the Chicago jury which delegates seven murderous Anarchists to the gallows and the eighth to a long term of imprisonment. Comparatively, Anarchists comprise a small but very vicious class of foreigners, and it is high time they are taught a lesson they will be likely to heed. Hang the murderous Anarchists! The gentlemen who composed the Chicago jury proved themselves faithful in the performance of a most highly important though unpleasant duty, and they deserve to be heartily commended.

New Jersey Politics Mixed.

A CHANCE THAT THERE WILL BE FOUR CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—There is a dreadful mix in politics in New Jersey. It all started in the temperance boom, which the Democrats thought a month ago going to smash the Republicans, and which the Republicans were sure would help them knock smitherneens out of the Democrats. The managers of the Republican side are now declaring that the temperance party is no good, and that they never wanted it, and the Democrats are scared half to death because the Prohibition viper which they have been so carefully nourishing for use against the Republicans has turned around and started to make a meal off of the Democrats themselves. The Republicans are mighty certain that the temperance party is going to cost them a good many votes this fall, but devoutly hope that it will cost the Democrats two or three more. The Democrats also have a certainty that their own loss from the temperance defections is going to be too large to be comfortable, but prayerfully long that it may not be heavy enough to wipe out the big lead with which the party starts into the campaign. Meantime and to add to the perplexities of the leaders, the cloud of another party and a fourth candidate has cast its shadow above the horizon. Andrew Albright, a Newark manufacturer, has for as many years as anybody remembers been nourishing his boom for Governor. Regularly every three years he has carried the little thing down to Trenton, and in all the glory of a "headquarters" and unlimited free beer and cigars, has sought to impress its beauty and adaptability upon the Democratic Convention. As regularly, when the convention was over, Mr. Albright has

carried back to Newark seclusion his despised and ignored boomlet and put it in a trench with the dirt heaped carefully above it to keep it green and fresh for next time. As a laughing stock Mr. Albright has been a striking success, but his influence upon politics has been the reverse of monumental. Andrew Albright, however, is manifesting alarming symptoms of "taking a whack at real politics. There are laboring men in New Jersey and they have been politically bamboozled by both parties about as systematically as in other States. They have stood it pretty well, but now they show signs of emulating the perennial Albright and, like the crushed worm, turning. If Albright and the laboring men only join hands and turn together there's going to be a great shake-up in Jersey this fall. Albright says he is going to have the Democratic nomination this year or know the reason why. The laboring men say they are going to have something to do with the Democratic nomination this year or know the reason why. Of course Albright won't get the Democratic nomination, but if, as is now the programme, he goes into the convention as the candidate of the workmen and is beaten, and then he and the workmen get together outside and press their unpleasant question about the reason why the situation is going to be a very embarrassing one for the Democrats.

Can be Elected.

No better Democrat than the late Jeremiah S. Black, no truer patriot, no citizen more thoroughly imbued with the American principles which the Democratic party has brought down from the days of the fathers, ever lived in Pennsylvania or in any other State of this Union. Chauncey Forward Black is the worthy son of an honored sire, but he does not owe his nomination in Governor of Pennsylvania to the fact that he is any man's son. He is one of the coming statesmen of this generation. Of independent mind, possessed of great administrative ability, forceful, eloquent, amiable, of incorruptible as integrity, wholly in sympathy with the ideas that dignify and elevate the labor of the many, as distinguished from the few, he is the sort of leader to lead the Democrats of Pennsylvania to victory in this one hundred and eleventh year of American independence. He can be elected.

A Collision on the Camden and Atlantic.

A collision occurred on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, Sunday morning, at the little station of Ancora, twenty-three miles out from Camden, in which eight persons were injured, one probably fatally. A special newspaper train was dispatched from Camden at 8 o'clock, which made the run to Atlantic City in an even hour—a mile a minute. It has been the rule that specials out were held at the ocean terminus till night and sent back when the line was clear, but Sunday's train was an exception and it left Atlantic City to return at 7:01. The conductor, Ed. Sutters, and engineer, Frank Donnelly, were instructed to run on the siding at Ancora at 7:50 to allow an excursion train, which left Camden at 7:02 o'clock, seven minutes late, to pass. Ancora is a place of a dozen houses. The telegraph operator there is a young man named William M. Maxwell, and Sunday morning, at the hour when the trains were due, had left the station and gone across the fields to his breakfast. He left the block signal displayed "safe," denoting that all was clear ahead for the excursion train. At Waterford, the last stopping place this side of Ancora, where some passengers were taken on, the excursion train was notified that the track was clear ahead, which the conductor naturally took to mean clear to the next stopping point, Winslow, beyond Ancora. As there is no switchman at Ancora the special was obliged to slow down to let a train hand off to switch it on the siding, and Pine having slowed to get on time, the collision, which took place just east of the switch, was only moderately severe. There is a slight elevation, through which a cut is made, approached by a curve so sharp that Pine says he did not see the special's locomotive till within one hundred feet. He had whistled on approaching the curve, but thinks Donnelly did not. When he saw the special dash out of the cut Pine reversed his lever, put on the brakes and jumped. His foot slipped on the iron step and he fell, breaking his left leg and right shoulder and being badly shaken up. His fireman, Fred Metzger, also jumped from the cab, but escaped without injury. As the crash came the engineer and fireman of the special jumped and got safely off. The tender of the excursion train telescoped into the smoking car, rolling up the platform, smashing the front end, and collapsing the forward part, imprisoning about a dozen passengers, jamming them between the seats and upheaved floor. Cries for help and the moans of the wounded stimulated the train hands and passengers from the rear cars, who had suffered no harm, to the rescue, and axes were quickly brought and a gap made in the side of the car through which three of the injured were taken out. The remainder of the passengers made their exit from the rear door, and the wounded were placed on improvised stretchers and carried to the station to await the arrival of physicians and relief trains. In the other six cars of the train the passengers were but slightly shaken up and no signs of panic were apparent.

A basting machine that is said to be able to do the work of fifteen girls is being tried in a large clothing house in Boston, and the employees of the house, both girls and men, are considerably excited thereby. The opposition to this labor-saving machine is likely to develop into a strike. At present the matter is in the hands of the district executive board.

Original.

Of What Avail?  
What boots it that my spirit chafes itself  
Against the bonds which Fate has wrought!  
Fate says "Thus shall it be" and thus it is;  
But the stubborn will still goes unfought  
And beats against the bars that shut it out  
From the fair, phantom land that lies  
Is all the charms and griefs of fantasy  
Before the hopeful Fancy's eyes.

What boots it that my weary spirit frets  
Beneath the heavy load of life  
That Destiny has bro't and named its share  
To bear, until a stronger will  
That it has earned to rest, and lifts the load!  
Persistent will must have its play  
And dash, in vain endeavor for release,  
Against the rocks that bar its way.

What tho' my soul in vain repines vex  
And wear its strength—and bruise its wings  
Like a fluttering bird against 'th' enclosing bars  
In deadly terror of the springs  
And gleaming eyes which e'erly movement mark  
And bleeding from the cruel claws!  
The soul, by harrying demon thus beset,  
Too much upon its patience draws.

How sweet the voice of sympathy vibrates  
The soul o'ercome with gracious care!  
Like echoes of a soft repeated song  
It comes—borne on the evening air!  
Like spicy breezes from the blooming hedge  
Or cooling breath of meadow brook  
It spreads its fresh'ning sweetness thro' the soul  
Which feels itself by every joy forsook!  
Thrice hard the fate that shuts her breathings out  
And leaves the soul to struggle on  
Unaided 'neath her load of private ills  
Till hope of succor o'er her dawn,  
Or deep despair has settled like a darkening cloud  
Uncheered save by the consciousness  
That Duty's moulding fingers frame her thoughts  
And all her conscious acts impress!

Disease Germs in Milk.

It is a well recognized fact that the mother who is nursing her child is obliged to be very careful about her diet, for whatever she eats or drinks has its effect upon her milk, and consequently upon the health of her child. The most acute symptoms, and even death, may be produced by dietary indiscretion. But it is less appreciated that similarly alarming results may be produced in both children and adults by the use of milk taken from improperly fed cattle. There have recently been a number of mysterious poisoning cases, that after a great deal of random speculation have been traced to diseased milk. In spite, however, of these warnings, the subject has not yet received the sanitary attention to which it is entitled. Particularly is the danger of such contamination great in the neighborhood of large cities, where the absence of wholesome pasturage is a temptation to the less scrupulous to substitute all grades of organic refuse, the most of which should properly be consigned to the garbage crematory. In addition to this danger, however, it is discovered that even in the presence of abundant and suitable food, cattle are not discriminating in their selection, but exhibit frequently the most depraved tastes. In the neighborhood of large distilleries, it has been observed that the cattle become utterly demoralized by feasting on the refuse from the stills. In time they come to have the dull, stupid appearance characteristic of an opium eater. It is hardly possible that the milk produced by animals permitted to feed on such abominable stuff can be either wholesome or agreeable.

In other places the case is even worse, for the cattle have been observed to feed with evident relish upon undiluted animal excreta and other highly pernicious food. Aside from the disgust which the practice excites, it is a source of actual and grave danger. When it is remembered that the fatal plague at Plymouth, Pa., was directly traceable to the careless disposal of the excreta of a single typhoid fever patient, it can readily be seen that milk may become in this manner a vehicle for the distribution of the most malignant disease germs. So large are the possibilities for evil which may result from the use of milk taken from animals improperly fed, either through design or carelessness, that it is not too much to ask that all public dairy farms should be placed under sanitary supervision, and that the food and quarters of all cattle whose milk is offered for sale should be regularly inspected by officials appointed for the purpose.—Scientific American.

A Plant which destroys Malaria.

From the London Telegraph.  
Dr. Brandes, a physician at Hitzacker, has written an article in a German medical paper in which he demonstrates the valuable properties of the anacharis alsinistrum, a water plant which has hitherto been considered as an unmitigated plague, choking up rivers, and altogether useless. Dr. Brandes has remarked that in the district where he lives, and where malaria and diarrhoea yearly appeared in a sporadic or epidemic form these diseases have gradually decreased since the anacharis alsinistrum began to infest the neighboring rivers and marshes, and since four years have totally disappeared. The above-named water plant nourishes itself on decayed vegetable matter, and grows with incredible rapidity. It thus destroys the germs which produce malaria and diarrhoea; and besides, its presence obliges the frequent cleansing of standing waters, a measure beneficial to health. Dr. Brandes therefore proposes that of planting the anacharis alsinistrum in marshy districts. It is also useful in protecting the young of fish, and affords an excellent food. The plant came originally from Canada, whence it was brought to England, and thence to Germany about 1842. In North Germany it rapidly spread far and wide, and this year appears in all parts in unusual luxuriance.

Faith.

From the Boston Record.  
A little girl out at Malden, who held with genuine orthodoxy to the infantile theory of what prayer is for prayed thus the other night: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit." She waited for a while for developments, and then repeated her prayer a little more energetically: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit." A nother pause for developments with unsatisfactory results, and then a vigorous outburst: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit, and I want it now."

Interesting Paragraphs.  
While the poets say there is no harm for a broken heart every wise philosopher knows that if it is his wife's heart he has fractured a new bonnet or a new silk dress will cement the fragments together.

Editor Giest of the Lancaster Inquirer has agreed to walk a five mile race on the hottest day that may be chosen by the editor of the Oxford Press. The Inquirer man weighing 220 pounds, and the Press man 145. The stakes are a dozen apples.

Twenty-five years ago three brothers named Dwyer were separated. They met the other day in a shipyard in Bath, Me., where two of them had been working for some time without knowing of the relationship. The third, a sailor, came to the yard, and the kinship was accidentally discovered.

Brother Gardner of the Detroit Free Press Lime Kiln Club got off several chunks of solid sense the other evening, among which are these: "Be deaf in neighborhood quarrels. Be silent when you can't praise. If you advise at all, agree with de ideas of de pussons askin it. Wisdom am not in knowing such a wonderful sight, but in keepin' shet on what you don't know."

A Georgia rattlesnake got into a pantry the other night, found some eggs and swallowed them, crawled partly through the handle of a jug, found more eggs and swallowed them, and was thus made a prisoner, the eggs on each side of the jug handle being too large to pass through. In his efforts to escape he knocked the crockery right and left, awoke the inmates of the house, and met a deserved death.

Figures, which proverbially cannot lie, show that the cornfields of the United States cover a territory as large as England, Scotland, and Belgium united, while the grain fields surpass Spain in territorial extent. The acreage of our farm lands under cultivation is equal in extent to all the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Portugal, Germany, and Austro-Hungary.

Sam Jones, in a recent sermon at the Urbana (Ohio) camp meeting, is reported to have said: "I would rather take a chance of a Probationist for heaven than a non-partisan Methodist. The only difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties today is on the tariff, and that is differentiated. We want to get down from this Republican tree. The Dow law is in league with hell and the devil, and the Methodist who will follow it up hasn't got any sense. That Dow law virtually sells out the Sabbath. The Germans are trying to take this country, but this is America. The question for you people to settle is, the Dutch, and the drunkards? I hope the day will come when we preachers will take hold of these things and thunder them from the pulpit like hell fire."

A Brocton, Mass., shoemaker has spent a deal of valuable time in making a pair of shoes out of 852 different pieces of leather. Each tip contains 109 small diamond-shaped pieces. Fourteen different kinds of leather and various colored silks were used in doing the stitching.

Ten years ago a paper box maker died in New Orleans, leaving his widow with nothing but a knowledge of his trade. She went to work in her attic room making boxes, and was so successful in getting orders that she soon had more than she could do. She hired help, added room after room, and now employs thirty-five hands. She travels for her own house, taking long drumming tours through Texas and Louisiana, and is getting rich fast.

An Atlanta, Ga., newspaper thus sums up the result of a month of prohibition in that city: "Less money in the city and State Treasury; less business houses occupied; less people in the city; less morality; more drunkenness; more crimes and criminals; more poor people out of employment than ever before; more taxes put upon the people; more extra licenses imposed upon the merchants, and more dissatisfaction among all people than ever has existed before."

Two of the largest castings in the world are to be seen at Nara and Kamakura, Japan, the one at the latter place being 47 feet high, and the other, at Nara, being 53½ feet from the base to crown of its head. The statue at Nara is supposed to have been erected in the eighth century, but it was destroyed and recast about 700 years since. In endeavoring to recast it several mishaps occurred, and when at last success came, some few thousand tons of charcoal had been used. The casting, which is an alloy of iron, gold, tin, and copper, is estimated to weigh 450 tons.

ESTABLISHED 1857.  
J. M. Albertson & Sons,  
BANKERS,  
Noirstown, Pa.  
3 Per Cent.  
Interest Paid on Deposits  
Subject to check on 10 days notice.  
MONEY TO LOAN.  
STOCKS AND BONDS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD.  
Boxes in Vault to Rent at Low Rates.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

FLOUR.			
Pennsylvania Extra Family	3 75	@	4 00
Rye Flour	3 25	@	3 40

GRAIN.

Red Wheat	88½¢	@	90½¢
Cori	52	@	55
Oats	24½¢	@	26
Rye	24½¢	@	26

PROVISIONS.

Mess Pork	11 50	@	12 00
Mess Beef	8 00	@	10 00
Dried Beef	15 00	@	16 00
Beef Hams	22 00	@	24 00
Sides	13	@	14½
Shoulders	8½	@	9
Pickled Shoulders	6½¢	@	7¼
Lard	6¼¢	@	7¼

Philadelphia Hay Market.  
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26, 1886.  
During the week ending with the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 190 loads of hay and 30 of straw, which were sold at the following prices:  
Prime Timothy Hay per 100 pounds 60¢ @ 70  
Mixed " 50¢ @ 60  
Straw " 65¢ @ 75  
New hay 15 cents below above prices.

THE  
LATEST NOVELTIES  
For SPRING and SUMMER  
—AT THE—  
Collegeville Millinery.

Take this method to inform my patrons and the ladies in general, that my stock of  
Millinery Goods  
is ample in variety and quality. An early and careful inspection is solicited.  
In addition to the millinery business I am prepared to teach Art and execute the same to order with promptness.

FLORA LACHMAN,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

THOMAS LOWNES,  
& W. H. DAVIS.  
Wagon and Carriage Builders,  
RAIL STATION, PA.

We are prepared to do painting, light and heavy work.

BLACKSMITHING,  
in all its branches. No pains spared to give satisfaction. Give us a call.

AT THE COLLEGEVILLE

Agricultural Store

Can be found the latest and most improved AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY, including  
Hench's Patent Cultivator,  
and DOUBLE ROW CORN PLANTER with phosphate attachment—a machine that has given perfect satisfaction wherever sold. Call and see it or send for descriptive circular. Also the Champion Mowers, Reapers and Cord Binders, greatly improved, the most perfect and lightest machine. Also all improved plows, horse rakes, and all the improved Farming Implements used. All machinery sold at lowest market prices.  
GEORGE YOST,  
Collegeville, Pa.

Wm. J. THOMPSON,  
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—  
BEEF,=  
VEAL,=  
MUTTON,=  
Visite Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.  
WM. J. THOMPSON,  
LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

FRUIT JARS  
Fruit Jars  
pints, quarts, 1-2 gal. &c.  
We have porcelain lined top glass top, and we have what they call the lightning jars—three kinds.  
Tumblers for jellies: the regular jelly cups, with tops (with tops)—in abundance. Remember this.  
Porcelain lined boilers for stewing fruits and for preparing fruits for canning. They are better and much cheaper than the old copper boilers.  
If you want a pump we can sell you one as cheap as anybody else.  
For Builders: Fresh stock of Cement, Calcare plaster, &c., on hand.  
We are offering a special bargain in  
Men's Fine Shoes  
laced or congress—for \$2.00; usual price \$2.50. They ought to go off our hands like hot cakes. We think they will.  
For Builders: Fresh stock of Cement, Calcare plaster, &c., on hand.  
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G. F. Hunsicker,  
RAHNS STATION, PA.  
MRS. S. L. PUGH.  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Attends to laying out the deal, shroud-making &c.

DOWN! --- DOWN!  
--- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES ---  
MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF  
DRY GOODS, Groceries,  
Wood ware, Willow ware.  
Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.  
I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes.  
All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige,  
JOSEPH G. GOTWALLS,  
PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S DIARRHOEA MIXTURE  
Will cure Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus &c., &c.  
CULBERT'S CREAM OF CAMPHOR  
Will relieve Sunburn, Freckles, Tan, and banish mosquitoes, &c.  
We Sell YEAST CAKES for baking, that will keep until used.  
PURE DRUGS AND SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

Well Selected line of Hot Weather Goods.  
Satin, Crinkles, Silver Gray Prints & Japanese Silk Styles  
WHICH HAVE GONE SO POPULAR.  
—A FULL LINE OF—  
C. J. & J. M. BUCKLEY  
TRAPPE, PA.  
SHOES, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS. All goods offered at the very lowest figures for which good goods can be had.  
BALL'S  
CORSETS  
This is one of the very best Corsets in the market and can be returned after three weeks wearing, if not found perfectly satisfactory.

THE FOOLISH MAN.  
Filled with dismay at the frequent and large bills for his children he resolves to KNOW why it is that this neighbor Mr. Wiseman succeeds; he learns from him the secret is buying the GENUINE "COLLAR TIE SHOES."  
THE WISE MAN.  
For the children, Gold Medal First Class Award at World's Fair, N. O. Learn, a shoe is the trade mark which must always have our full name on the sole of every pair "COLLAR TIE SHOES" S. & Co., PHILA. (Copyrighted)

Wm. J. THOMPSON,  
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—  
BEEF,=  
VEAL,=  
MUTTON,=  
Visite Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.  
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We have porcelain lined top glass top, and we have what they call the lightning jars—three kinds.  
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G. F. Hunsicker,  
RAHNS STATION, PA.  
MRS. S. L. PUGH.  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Attends to laying out the deal, shroud-making &c.

FIFTEEN BASQUE AND SKIRT MAKERS  
-Wanted Immediately at-  
HOWARD LEOPOLD'S.

Owing to the unprecedented increase in orders for suits both in our town and vicinity, as well as from hundreds of consumers scattered over the U. S., we need more good hands at once. The eighty-seven now at work not being able to keep up with the demand for our suits, having continually about two hundred orders on hand to be made up.  
The following letters and extracts, of which we might publish a thousand, every one written without our solicitation, indicate why our work is so rapidly increasing. We give you a few, of course omitting the names of the writers:  
Mr. H. LEOPOLD: My dress came last week and I am delighted with it. It is perfectly comfortable, and is made just the way I wished it to be, but I thought I would say anything, and trust to your judgment. I am very much pleased with my coat also. Yours, truly,  
BLAIRTOWN, N. J.  
MR. HOWARD LEOPOLD: I wanted to write to you immediately on receipt of my dresses, to express my unbounded satisfaction, pleasure and admiration. I am perfectly satisfied with them in every respect and perhaps it may be pleasant and gratifying to you to know that every one who sees them is as much delighted as I am. I shall not be surprised if you receive orders and new customers growing out of the very enthusiastic and real admiration my dresses have inspired. Your address has been asked for by a number of my friends already, and I am pleased to give it, and to express at the same time my recommendation in highest terms. Yours, very truly,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
HOWARD LEOPOLD, Esq., Dear Sir: The suit received, you certainly have spared no expense in quality of material or work. The suit is beautifully finished and a credit to your establishment. Yours, truly,  
GLEN COVE, L. I.  
MR. H. LEOPOLD: My dress and coat arrived safely and I am much pleased with them. Yours, truly,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.  
MR. H. LEOPOLD: The dress is very pretty and satisfactory. Respectfully,  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.  
MR. HOWARD LEOPOLD: My dress arrived safely and I find it very satisfactory.

250,000  
CELERY PLANTS.  
I have a fine stock of CELERY PLANTS of the following kinds at 40c per hundred. \$3.00 per 1000. LARGE WHITE SOLID and DWARF GOLDEN HEART.  
The following varieties are self blanching and only need hilling up once to keep the stalk upright. 40c per 100. \$5 per thousand. New Golden Self Blanching and Henderson's White plume. Try them.  
SLUG SHOT is still ahead for killing cabbage worms, potato and cucumber bugs, &c., 5 lb. package for 30c. 50 lbs. at 5c. per lb.  
Fresh Turnip, Ruta Baga and Radish Seeds in large and small quantities.  
Having still a few hundred choice Geraniums, Coleus, Roses, Begonias, Double Fringed Petunias, &c., I will sell them at a sacrifice to clear the houses, so that new and important changes can be made. Come early and secure these very decided bargains.  
All orders by mail and those left with the Collegeville Bakers will receive prompt attention and be delivered on their routes free of charge.  
Respectfully yours,  
HORACE RIMBY,  
Seedsman and Florist,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.



## Providence Independent.

Thursday, August 25, 1886.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

### PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6:47 a. m.

Accommodation.....8:07 a. m.

Market.....1:20 p. m.

Accommodation.....4:34 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail.....7:17 a. m.

Accommodation.....8:34 a. m.

Market.....3:13 p. m.

Accommodation.....6:46 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk.....6:56 a. m.

Accommodation.....6:49 p. m.

Accommodation.....10:3 a. m.

Milk.....5:41 p. m.

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—The 57th year of Washington Hall Collegiate Institute will begin September 13. A reduction in terms is announced. Washington Hall has an honored name and there are few better instructors than Dr. Rambo.

—The Limerick Square Cornet Band passed through town Saturday evening. The boys made a fine appearance and discoursed good music.

### Thrown From a Horse.

A Miss Rittenhouse of Germantown, guest of A. Hunsicker's family, while enjoying a ride in a side-saddle, Monday evening, was thrown from the horse, opposite Wm. Gristock's. The lady was slightly injured and considerably frightened. The fiery steed, owned by A. D. Markley, took the home road and followed it at a rapid gait.

Correspondence.

### The Cottage Kindergarten.

Those of our citizens who have never visited the Cottage Kindergarten Collegeville, and who have small children, should certainly look into its opening work next week at Mr. Fenstermacher's residence. We who have been in a position to make the above statement for good reasons. We are more than glad to have such an institution in our town. A PATRON.

### Norristown to be Flooded.

Last week the Democracy, or its leaders, of the county determined to hold the county convention on Tuesday, September 28. On Monday the Republican committee determined to hold the county convention of their party on the same day. Two political conventions at the same time will flood Norristown with politicians and give the important capital an awful big dose of politics. After the 28th of next month the color of the Hub will be blood red.

### Lost Another Horse.

F. Favinger, the obliging mail-carrier between this place and Boyertown lost another horse Wednesday night, last week. A couple of months ago one of Mr. Favinger's horses died suddenly at Trappe, and on Wednesday night he lost another horse under somewhat similar circumstances. The animal appeared to be as well as usual when he reached town, but soon after showed signs of terrible internal suffering. The indications exhibited by the animal led to the belief that it had been poisoned.

### A Success.

Our Trappe correspondent writes that the overland-in-wagons excursion of the Trappe, Limerick Square, and Swenksville Evangelical Sunday schools to Ziebert's Park, last Saturday, was a grand success, and that the day was very pleasantly spent by all, except Mrs. Royer, of Limerick Square, who accidentally fell from one of the swings, striking the back part of her head. The lady was unconscious for a short time. She was kindly cared for by her friends and was able to return home in the evening.

### Resigned.

A meeting of the Directors of the Poor, it is said, was held Saturday afternoon to consider the resignation of Amos Jones deputy under steward. Of course the resignation was accepted; not to have accepted it would have been a strange performance. An appointment will be made at the next meeting of the Directors. It is to be hoped by an interested public that the Directors will appoint a man who will perform the duties required of him and not become tired—away from the Almshouse premises.

### Religious.

Rev. Dr. Shoemaker, of Lancaster preached what is commonly termed a trial sermon before the congregation of St. Luke's Reformed Church, Trappe, Sunday morning. The Reverend gentleman delivered an interesting discourse and made a favorable impression. To-day the congregation will hold an election for pastor to succeed Rev. H. J. Spangler.

Rev. Robert Hunter, of the Kensington Presbyterian church, discoursed in Trinity church, this place, Sunday evening. He was assisted in the service by the pastor Rev. J. H. Hendricks, Dr. Bomberger and Dr. Shoemaker.

### Fatally Burned.

Mrs. William F. Johnson, residing at No. 631 Corson street, underwent the agonies last evening of being partially roasted alive. About six o'clock Mrs. Johnson, wearing a Mother Hubbard wrapper, proceeded to prepare supper, her husband, a tinsmith employed by W. H. Koplin, being expected home soon. While Mrs. Johnson was stirring the fire in the range a live coal dropped from the grate to the hearth. The lady was in a stooping posture, and did not notice, until too late, that the coal was igniting her dress. Her first intimation of danger was when flames shot up into her face. In an instant the woman's clothing was a sheet of flames, and her lower limbs were being scorched. The woman ran into the yard attached to the dwelling, her shrieks alarming the entire neighborhood. By the time the blaze could be extinguished and the frantic woman carried indoors, nearly one hundred and fifty persons were assembled. Drs. Knipe, Johnson and Gerhard were called on, and the work of assuaging the lady's pain was commenced. The doctors found the sufferer in a horrible plight. Her lower limbs and the lower portion of her body were charred and blackened on the surface, and one side of her face was scorched. Mrs. Johnson's corset protected her breast from the flames, saving her from being entirely burned. She was still alive at noon to-day, but no hopes of her recovery were entertained. —Tuesday's Times.

### Contest as to Administrators.

Catharine Hiltbeitel died at her residence, this township, on the 11th of the present month. On the following day Benjamin Garber, the son of a sister of the decedent, applied for letters of administration and produced to the Register of Wills a renunciation by his mother of the right to administer. The letters were granted. Charles and Wm. Hiltbeitel, sons of an older brother of the decedent, presented a petition to the Register, asking him to revoke the letters granted to Mr. Garber, and appoint them administrators. A hearing on their application will be held on Monday, August 30. The petitioners are represented by F. G. Hobson, Esq.

### Fatally Injured.

Miller L. Shaneman, a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, met with an accident at Pottstown on Sunday morning, which will doubtless result fatally. As his train was pulling out of Pottstown the unfortunate brakeman was given an order, which he was requested to deliver to the engineer of the train. He had passed through the train and climbed up on the tender, and was just in the act of standing up when he was struck by the Evans street bridge, and knocked unconscious into the tender. The train was at once stopped and the injured man taken to the Pottstown depot, where his wounds were dressed. He was afterwards sent to his home in Reading, his injuries being considered fatal.

### The Fall Term of Ursinus College.

The Fall Term of Ursinus College will open next Monday, August 30, and there are encouraging prospects of a large accession of new students. There is every reason why the prosperity which has cheered the friends of the Institution in past years should continue and grow. Its location in every important respect is admirable. It furnishes the best opportunity of acquiring a thorough education in all things most essential to a truly noble and successful life. It has the commendation of a large number of earnest and intelligent persons in various professions, and who are competent to judge of the merits of the school. And it offers the advantages of complete courses of study at the lowest practicable cost. Such a School ought to be very liberally sustained amidst a population like that of Montgomery and adjacent counties. The Faculty has been increased by the addition of Rev. E. H. Handis, A. M., a graduate of the Collegiate and Theological departments of one of the best and oldest Schools in the United States.

### Deaths.

Anthony V. Custer, who met with a serious accident at Koons' crossing, Perkiomen railroad, an account of which we published last week, died at his residence near Trappe, Saturday afternoon last. For some time after the accident it was thought by the attending physician that Mr. Custer's injuries were not of a fatal nature, but nevertheless the wounds inflicted exhausted his vitality, and the community in which he resided is called upon to yield a reluctant farewell to an honored and upright citizen, one who always enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his neighbors and acquaintances. The age of the deceased was 84 years and 26 days. Mr. Custer had accumulated considerable wealth, in addition to one of the largest and most productive farms in Upper Providence, of late years managed by his son, Matthias Custer. He was a Trustee of Augustus Lutheran Church, Trappe, having taken an active part in the building of the same years ago, and was a manager of the Royersford Bridge Company. His wife, whose maiden name was Mary Brownback, survives him, aged 76 years. He leaves two children, Matthias Custer and Ann, widow of Elijah Brunner. Another daughter, Mrs. Augustus A. Yoder, died some years ago, leaving three children. The funeral was held yesterday and was very largely attended. Rev. O. P. Smith conducted the services at the house and at the Lutheran church and cemetery, Trappe. Undertaker Shuler had charge of the remains.

S. L. Grater of Grater's Ford, received Monday a telegram bearing the sad intelligence of the death of his father, Henry Grater, at Whiteside Illinois, that occurred Sunday evening, August 22. The deceased was formerly a resident of this section of the county where he was well and favorably known.

### A Tilt with Tramps.

On Sunday morning, the 15th, as Mr. Harry Schmuck was passing the residence of Mr. Taylor Pugh in Lower Providence, he saw two tramps moving about the barn in a suspicious manner. He went on a short distance and then returned to Mr. Pugh's house, where he found that gentleman in a hammock, and warned him of the presence of the strangers. While they were talking the tramps were seen to force open the large doors of the barn and enter. Mr. Pugh and his friend ran to the barn, entered through another door, and confronting the visitors, demanded an explanation of their presence. As none was forthcoming Mr. Pugh gave one of them a kick which sent him nearly into the middle of the road. The intruder waited for no repetition of the assault but fled, the other showed fight. Something like a pair of shears was seen sticking out of his coat pocket. Mr. Pugh jabbed him with a fence post, and finding that too heavy threw it down and pounded him with a bean pole. The tramp soon concluded to go, and did so at a rapid pace. After the place was cleared a wrench belonging to a wagon was found to be missing. This was no doubt the object seen in the tramp's pocket. The sudden interruption of their labors had prevented their stealing anything else. —Herald.

### Echoes from Ironbridge.

The S. S. picnic on Hunsicker's Island, last Saturday, proved to be an enjoyable affair. The attendance was large, and naught intervened to mar the pleasures of the day. And, after all, there is still some money in the treasury.

James Stoneback has bargained with a firm at Tiffin, Ohio, for an improved brick machine. He says the machine, when in running order, will turn out from twelve to fifteen thousand bricks, hard and soft.

G. T. Hunsicker, of Skipack, for Assembly. He is a wide-awake farmer and business man. Go for G. T. Hunsicker.

A. D. Hunsicker and family, with Miss Bella Detwiler, of Norristown, while out riding met with what might have been a very serious accident, caused by the breaking of the perch pole of the carriage right back of the circle. Mrs. Hunsicker and daughter and Miss Detwiler were somewhat bruised about their heads and faces. Mr. Hunsicker escaped without a scratch. The horse was terribly cut about the hind legs.

Mr. Saylor, teamster for H. T. Hunsicker & Bro., while returning recently from Skipack, where he had delivered coal, the gearing of the lead horse became detached from the tongue and the animal ran away. After running some distance the animal plunged into a barbed wire fence and was seriously cut and bruised.

The fishermen are having good luck. The hauls of bass are numerous, but the fish are not very large.

An ice company have leased of Abram Tyson a tract of land, upon which a large ice house will be erected the coming fall. They also contracted with Daniel, the miller, for the ice that may cover his dam next winter.

### Program.

The following program of music has been arranged by Joseph Winter, director of the Ringgold Band, Reading, for the concert Saturday afternoon next, August 28th, at the semi-centennial of the Lutheran Sunday School, Trappe:

March, Long Meadow.....Bosworth.  
Overture, Fest.....Lewther.  
Musical Remembrance.....Custer.  
Selection from Freischutz.....Weber.  
Waltz, Rheingarten.....Gungel.  
Overture, Morning, Noon and Night.....Suppe.  
Idyl Forge in the Forest.....Michaelis.  
Divertissement Lobengrin.....Wagner.  
Indian March.....Schlack.  
Cajun Animant.....Stabat Mater.  
Potpourri.....Damin.

The quality of the music to be furnished Saturday afternoon by Reading's band of distinguished musicians requires no commendation in advance. Those who miss the concert will cheat themselves out of one of the best musical treats ever offered in this section of the county. The arrangements for the occasion are all completed, and every effort will be exerted to make the day a red letter one in the history of Trappe Lutheran Sunday School. We are requested to make the statement that the refreshments will be in charge of a special committee of the school, and that no sutlers will be allowed on the grounds.

### Collision.

Sunday evening J. M. Zimmerman, of near this place, was coming to town with his family. When a short distance from his lane he heard the clattering hoofs of a horse coming in an opposite direction. He guided his horse to one side, over near the bank, to furnish ample room for the fast horse to pass. But the fast horse was being driven by a fast young man accompanied by two other presumably fast young men, and the three—one or more from Phoenixville, of course—were under the influence of rum. They were in a wild frenzy, and were driving their horse about as fast as he could go. They saw not the carriage ahead containing a husband, wife and child; but on they sped until the two vehicles collided with a crash, after which they continued to speed on, but in a different way and at different angles. The jar threw them out into the road in different directions with more force than their drunkenness allowed them to appreciate. Mr. Zimmerman's carriage was somewhat damaged and the vehicle belonging to the Comanches was knocked out of joint generally. Fortunately Milton was driving a gentle horse, so that neither he nor his family were injured. To make matters still more disagreeable to Mr. Z., after the collision the wreckers cursed him loudly and long. After injuring his carriage and frightening his family, they added blasphemous insult to injury. They will have to pay grandly for their reckless and indecent conduct, if we mistake not the temper of J. M. Z.

Sunday beer and whiskey guzzling might easily have resulted in fatal or serious personal injury in this instance. Sunday drunkenness forwards the cause of prohibition. It also carries with it heavy responsibilities for those who foster it. There will be an awakening one of these days in reference to this illegitimate traffic, an awakening that will mean business from the shoulder.

The valuation of personal property throughout the State, as assessed under the new tax law of 1885, is reported from Harrisburg as \$386,149,417.71. The total reported in 1885 under the old law was 145,286,762, and the tax on this at four mills on the dollar was \$581,147.06. The tax on the new valuation will be three mills on the dollar, or \$1,158,448.25; more than double what it was under the old law, which practically left it optional with the citizen whether he should be taxed on his personal property or not. The new law, requiring the citizen to swear to the truth of his return on the penalty of having the County Commissioners guess at his taxables and add fifty per cent, to the tax assessed thereon, brought

out more property in Philadelphia alone than the old law showed in the whole State. It would have done still better if it had been more generally enforced, but in many instances no attempt was made to enforce it. The new law has not yet had a fair trial, although the figures amply vindicate its enactment. If it is better enforced next year the showing will be better still.

### Scoundrels.

Frank & Bro., cattle dealers of West Point, failed last week, and the extent of their liabilities overlaps, five to one, their assets. They have left for parts not known, and a number of forged notes behind them. From accounts the Frank Brothers are a pair of scoundrels and should be made to spend the balance of their lives behind prison bars. Their assets, so far as could be seized, consists of forty-three cows, a horse and a carriage, sleigh and harness. This has been attached by the Sheriff on an execution of \$5,355.25 of the Montgomery National Bank of Norristown. The two young men disappeared last Monday leaving a number of creditors, and it is alleged, three unpaid forged notes. One is for \$399 made by Henry Keely, one for \$829 made by Jacob W. Brunner and one for \$1000 made by Benjamin Brunner. The amount of the firm's papers held by the First National Bank of Norristown is reported to be \$6000. If this is correct the amount of the known liabilities is in the neighborhood of \$13,000 and the assets probably not more than \$2,000. Last spring the two brothers, Isaac L. and Solomon Frank, commenced the erection of a brick building at West Point, to be used as a stable and Hall. The structure which is not quite finished, is estimated to be worth about \$2,400, on which amount only \$800 has been paid.

### A Trip to Berks.

Your correspondent in company with his umbrella, started out for Johanna Heights one day recently, but being apprised of the fact that but a chosen few would be admitted at that place, and not wishing to hear the gate keeper say:—"depart from me," &c., did not venture in that direction. However, he was bent on going to camp, and go he did. Hearing of one, not of the same stripe as the one at Johanna, but one under the auspices of the colored "brethren and sisters" at Monocacy, we walked up to the ticket window, and purchased a pasteboard, and paced to and fro on the platform in front of the depot, awaiting the arrival of our train. In a short time the train came thundering in, and we got aboard. In "due course of mail" we alighted at Monocacy, which, by the way, is in the State of Berks county, and, upon taking our bearing, found that the camp was about one mile and a half "to your right." After shedding our coats—our party of three—and consulting our chronometers as to the time of day, we slowly wended our way over dusty roads to the gathering of ye colored people. Arriving at the camp, we were pleasantly surprised to find such a goodly number of colored people present. It has become a common occurrence of late to announce a colored camp meeting, for no other object than to draw people there, and then make it a money-making concern instead of the meeting of Christians as it should be. The camp in question far exceeded any colored gathering of the kind we have ever visited. At least one hundred and fifty people of the shade of night were present, and quite a number of good speakers among them. Great interest was manifested by the mass of spectators, and perfect order was maintained throughout the day. A few degraded specimens of humanity reeled about the grounds drunk, from liquor from their own private wine cellars—their pockets—but no rows occurred. Services were held at the hours of 8, and 10 a. m., and 12 m., and 2, 4, 5 and 7.30 p. m. The crowd, being of such great numbers in the afternoon, your correspondent was unable to get within hearing distance of the stand, and therefore cannot report points. The attendance in the afternoon, upon good authority, was about 2,500. The site of the camp is at Mt. Monocacy, which yours truly climbed in the afternoon. We started from the grove, and after hard climbing we reached and rested on the elevated point of the mount. From our elevated position we had a birds-eye view of portions of Berks, Chester and Montgomery counties. Looking to the westward, we were treated to a grand sight. There before us lay a valley of surpassing beauty; fully 500 feet below us lay the most beautiful scope of farming land we have ever gazed upon. The land is rolling and well drained, and everything indicates a rich farming locality. Birdsboro is plainly seen in the distance, and a small hill hides Reading from our view. The Welsh mountains appeared to be below us away off in the distance. The grandest view was to the south. Stretching as far as the eye can discern is the ridge known as Chestnut hill: this hill is heavily wooded, and very few clearings could be seen in this vast stretch of timber. There is wood enough, judging at that great distance, to supply the whole state with wood for a year or more. Our view to the east was cut off by a thick clump of cedar growing there. After spending an hour or more in viewing the beauty of nature, from our breezy situation, we began our descent. Up it was hard work to get away from the foot; down it was "look out or you'll get down too previously." One of our party slipped in making the descent, and narrowly escaped taking a roll to the bottom, which might have proven serious. We reached the base in safety, and stood and gazed up the steep side of the mountain, and marvelled within ourselves as to how we ever got up there. We returned to camp and found they had gotten along admirably in our absence, and taking it for granted that they could dispense with our august presence, we retraced our steps toward the depot, where, at 4.24 we shook the dust of Monocacy, or as much of it as we could—which was considerable—

from our shoes, and returned to our homes, well pleased with our day in Berks. X. Y. Z.

### 57TH YEAR OF

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Terms reduced. Send for Catalogue.

A. RAMBO, A. M., Ph. D., Trappe, Pa.

PIC-NIC!

The Reformed Sunday School, Trappe,

Will hold their Annual Picnic in

Zimmerman's Grove,

NEAR COLLEGEVILLE, ON

Saturday, September 4, 1886.

Everybody invited to attend and spend a pleasant day. No sutlers allowed. Ample refreshments will be furnished by the school. 39a-1. COMMITTEE.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery county, to me directed, will be sold at public sale, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1886, at one o'clock, p. m., at the Court House in the Borough of Norristown, said county, the following described Real Estate:—All those certain messuages and lot of land situated at Grater's Ford, in Perkiomen Township, said county, Beginning at a corner in the middle of a public road leading to Keely's Church; thence bounded by lands of H. D. Alderfer, the Perkiomen Railroad and the aforesaid public road, containing sixty three and a half square perches of land. The improvements are 2 three-story brick dwelling houses, No. 1 being 18 ft. by 30 ft., 1st story 2 rooms, entry and stairway, 2nd story 2 rooms and stairway, 3rd story 2 rooms and entry, all celled, cellar, a two-story brick back building 18 ft. by 17 ft., attached, 1st story 1 room and stairway, pump in room; 2nd story 1 room, celled, a one-story brick kitchen attached, cellar celled and cement floor, porch front and back. No. 2 adjoining No. 1, main building same as No. 1, with a two-story brick back building attached, 18 ft. by 12 ft., 1 room on each story, celled, a one-story brick kitchen attached, porch front and back, cistern and pump under back porch. A brick stable and carriage house, 28 ft. by 32 ft., stabling for 4 horses, cistern and pump in entry, necessary outbuildings, variety of fruit trees, &c. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Henry J. Ashenfelter, and to be sold by EDWARD S. STAHLMEYER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Norristown, Pa., Aug. 25, 1886.

### PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, AUGUST 30, '86, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 25 Head of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from the county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale at 2 o'clock, sharp. Conditions by J. H. ALLEBACH, I. H. Johnson, clerk.

### STAYED.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, 1½ miles west of Trappe, on Sunday, August 23, a light brindle cow with calf by her side. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to the recovery of the same. 39a-1. CHRISTIAN WISMER.

### SPRING VALLEY

Creamery!

TRAPPE, PA. In full operation. First-class products for sale, wholesale and retail. A. D. WAGONER, PROPRIETOR.

### FOR SALE!

10 shares Stock Royersford National Bank with \$50 per share paid thereon, and 2 shares stock National Bank of Spring City. Call on or address S. B. LATSHAW, Royersford, Pa.

### FOR SALE.

Seed wheat and rye by 39a-1. FRANCIS ZOLLERS, Trappe, Pa.

### FOR SALE!

WHEAT STRAW. Apply to F. P. FARINGER, Ironbridge, Pa.

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CAPACITY: 300 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, 100 BUSHELS OF RYE, AND 50 BARRELS OF FLOUR DAILY.

Wheat and Rye Wanted!

For which I will pay highest prices in cash, and still higher if taken out in trade.

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Practising Physician,  
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Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

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Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Branch Office—RAHN STATION; Office Hours:—from 1 to 6 p. m.

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Office Hours: { Thl 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.  
After 6 p. m.  
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of pure nitrous oxide gas, ether, etc.; also by applying the new local anesthetic, cocaine, which is merely brought in contact with the gum, the patient being perfectly sensible, teeth are extracted without pain. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$8—very best. Filling teeth a specialty. English and German spoken. 4-22-6m.

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**Attorney-at-Law.**  
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.  
Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.  
Second Floor, Room 15.  
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

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Justice of the Peace  
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Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.  
Nov. 5-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

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Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

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Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

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Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

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Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly.

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Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. may-7-1yr.

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The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.  
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**Harness Manufacturer**  
GRATER'S FORD, PA.  
Harness in stock and made to order, of the best material, at short notice. Full stock of all kinds of horse goods. Give me a call. 3-25-3m

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Has just opened a business place at Grater's Ford where he will keep on hand at all times a full stock of

SASH,  
DOORS,  
BLINDS,  
SHUTTERS,  
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Of all kinds, Frames and all kinds of Building Materials in his line. Goods delivered on short notice. I solicit an examination of my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Scroll work of every description, promptly done. 3-25-1yr

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Of superior quality, manufactured from the best wheat by Improved Facilities, at the

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Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.  
Always on hand a full Stock of  
CORN,  
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BRAN,  
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LOWEST CASH PRICES.  
Good, clear Wheat received at all times.

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**BAKERY !**  
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Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,  
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**ICE CREAM !**  
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## Department of Agriculture.

**SOUR CREAM vs. SWEET CREAM**  
It seems that we still have some dairymen who claim that sweet cream when properly "ripened" will yield as much butter as sour cream, writes a correspondent of the *St. Paul Farmer*. I can hardly understand how, in warm weather, cream can be properly ripened before acidification sets in. Marked and expensive improvements in the creameries of this country would be necessary to carry out this theory. It is quite generally admitted that sweet cream butter lacks the keeping qualities. While in experimental work I made a preliminary experiment on this point and have not since had an opportunity to verify it. I took equal quantities of sweet and sour cream from the same milk. The cream was divided into two equal parts while sweet and one part churned immediately and the other retained until it had properly acidified. In temperature of churning, thoroughness in washing, working and salting, the work was exactly the same. Both samples of butter were placed in a well made and and well iced charcoal refrigerator and examined at the expiration of about one month. The sweet cream butter at this time was quite inferior to the sour cream butter. At the expiration of two months the sour cream butter was the best; the sour cream butter having made more rapid changes in quality than sweet cream butter. I know of no scientific experiments that throw any light upon this subject. If the results here obtained are scientifically exact it may be, that, notwithstanding there is a loss in the quantity of butter by churning cream sweet the long time keeping qualities may enable the holder to realize enough more for his butter to warrant the practice of churning it sweet in June and July. We seldom hear of scientifically exact experiments being made by proprietors of creameries. Like farmers, they find little time for such work. There have been and are no doubt to-day times when they would realize \$20 a day for the time given to the investigation of some questions concerning the care of milk and cream.

We are positive of the fact that sweet cream from milk set thirty-six hours will yield eight to twelve and a half per cent. less butter than sour cream from the same milk. I omit now the difficult question concerning the so-called ripening process. We know also that sweet and sour cream mixed yield less, by about five to six pounds of butter to every one hundred churned, than when churned separately. It seems absolutely necessary to call the attention of some men to these very important ideas, notwithstanding the wide circulation the agricultural press has given them. The proprietor ought not to allow sweet and sour cream, mixed at 6 o'clock, a. m., to be churned in one or two hours. It ought to stand until 1 o'clock, p. m., anyway. I am not positive that the mixture will at any time yield the same per cent. that it would had it not been mixed.  
To summarize the exact results I obtained in churning: 1, sweet and sour cream mixed and allowed to stand twenty-four hours in winter yields five to seven per cent. more butter than when churned immediately—probably six to ten hours standing in summer will have the same effect in developing sufficient acidity; 2, sour cream yields eight to twelve per cent. more butter than sweet cream of the same quality at the outset.  
TO MAKE A GOOD STRAW STACK.  
The following from the *American Agriculturist* is seasonable. Since farmers have ascertained the value of good, bright straw to feed in connection with grain, much more pains is taken in stacking the straw:  
Straw may be so stacked that it will keep in good condition until it is fed out during the winter. It is the common opinion that the straw stack furnishes the hardest position about the threshing; hence, the men usually take the other positions, leaving the straw stack to be mismanaged by the boys. If you wish the straw properly stacked, you must see, first of all, that capable men are put upon the stack, and you must insist upon their doing their work well. A very common fault is to start the stack too wide. It will always spread of itself, and becomes so wide that it must be drawn in abruptly, and the water sinks into it. Another fault is, not to keep the centre highest and trampled solid. Let one man be delegated to lay the outside, and each of the other men to stack and trample down a certain section of the interior, and not to stand in a hole and throw the straw idly about him. It requires close supervision and good work to make a straw stack. And when it is made, do not allow the top to be blown off for lack of a few "keepers," or the cattle to waste half of it—being allowed to run to the stack. Put a fence close around the stack, and build racks or

mangers close to the fence. Then, during the winter, cut down the stack with a knife, and fill the mangers. Put the chaff in a pen and roof it, or else have it evenly distributed through the stack. Do not allow it to accumulate in a mass around and under the straw carriers, to spoil. The above is written for the benefit of those who have not mow room or barracks for the straw.

**FOR POULTRY BREEDERS.**  
Hen manure mixed with swamp muck, dry loam or road dust, makes a good fertilizer.

The egg has been regarded from time immemorial in Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome and Gaul, as an emblem of the universe.

Beyond doubt poultry keeping, whether incidental or as a business, with attention and management, can be highly remunerative.

According as hens take on fat they usually fall off in laying. Do not be too bountiful to such fowls, but rather follow a medium course of feeding.

Wyandottes are decidedly popular, and justly so, as they have many worthy points of merit, and for a comparatively new breed to the general fraternity they rank very high.

There are poultry farmers who have regular contracts for supplying large houses in our market with fresh eggs in quantity during the winter months, at prices which are always a good margin above the general supply to be met with.

To "cure roup," look out that it doesn't get started in your flocks. It is helped by colds, dampness, exposure to rough weather and neglect. Prevent its presence by constant good care, good shelter and dry, clean houses. This is the surest method.

A fowl that costs sixteen cents a pound dressed, will cost twelve when undressed; or, in other words, the dressing costs four cents, and a nine pound four ounce fowl, not dressed, will, when dressed, weigh seven pounds nine ounces, so that a dressed fowl will, if a large one, weigh a pound and a half less than when undressed.

Exports of cheese to England last week were upwards of 120,000 boxes, from New York and Montreal.

An excellent butter cow does not always make a good cheese cow. The kind and quality of food has its effect upon the cheese as well.

Italy is becoming a powerful rival to the Dutch in the production of butter for the export trade with India, China, and other oriental countries.

Last week the exports of dairy products from Boston aggregated 35,350 pounds of butter and 267,223 pounds of cheese. During the corresponding week last year there were exported 150,518 pounds of butter and 186,342 pounds of cheese.

It is stated that Great Britain and Ireland imported, from January 1st to June 1st, this year, 75,315,000 pounds of butter; 1,568,000 pounds from the United States, 31,235,000 pounds from Denmark, 16,576,000 pounds from Holland, and 35,930,000 pounds from other countries.

Never tolerate a slow milker, and if a cow hold up so that she cannot be milked rapidly turn her off to the butcher. If the milk flows freely, a good milker should be able to strip a cow in between four or five minutes. The quantity given has not much to do with the time required, as cows which are nearly dry, or give only a small quantity, need a good deal of stripping.

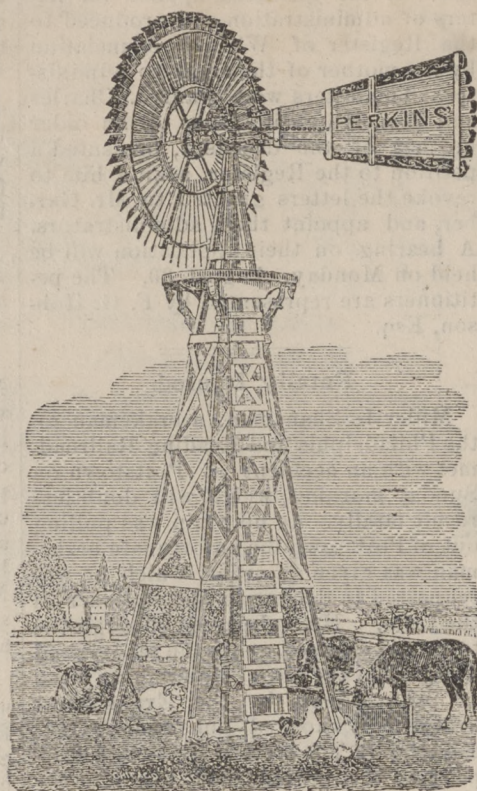
A writer in *The Dairy* says: "Milk varies very much in its quality for butter making. The creameries make a pound of butter from thirty pounds or fourteen quarts of milk, but they do not skim it closely. A fair, ordinary quality of milk will make a pound for each twelve quarts. The best I have heard of is a pound of butter to four quarts, but that is an extraordinary cow. A good cow should make a pound of butter from seven quarts."

Better breeding is making itself manifest in Western cattle. An Illinois drover and butcher says that twenty-five years ago it was very difficult to find yearling steers that would weigh six hundred pounds live weight. They were not considered fully ripe until four years old, and then fifteen hundred was considered an extreme weight. By improved breeding it is found possible to produce yearlings that weigh one thousand pounds, three-year-olds heavier than the old four-year-olds, and full-grown steers weighing two thousand pounds or more.

**MAMBRINO HASSON.**  
PEDIGREE. Mambrino Hasson was sired by Red's Mambrino Pilot, he by Mambrino Chief, he by Mambrino Paymaster, he by Mambrino, he by Imported Messenger. Mambrino Pilot Dam by Alexander's Pilot, Jr., Dam of Mambrino Hasson, by Hasson, of Salem, Ohio; he by Imported Imam, (an Arabian horse presented to President Van Buren by the Emperor of Morocco); Dam of Hasson was by Utility, he by American Eclipse.  
—MAMBRINO HASSON—  
Will make the season for 1885 at the stable of his owner, At Fifty Dollars a Mare. Mares not proving with foal can be returned the next season free of charge. Mambrino Hasson took the first premium at the Pennsylvania Agricultural State fair, at Philadelphia, 1885, for the finest bred trotting stallion; he also won the 23d race at the Pottstown Fair, making a record of 2:31; he has shown trials in 2:25.  
JOS. C. BEYER, 4-5, Norristown, P. O., Pa.

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which will analyze 5 to 7 per cent. in ammonia—three grades, from \$36 to \$45 per ton. For further particulars call on or address,  
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